HOUSEWIFE RADIO (Original)

by ghostie ft. Megpoid English

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Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull
Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull
Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull
Stitch sew cut pull
Stitch sew cut and pull

Hah hah
Hah hah
Hah hah
Hah hah

80 degrees, filled with vaporized
Iron pressing as wrinkles unfold
Off-grain fabric tells a different tale
Tailored frequencies need to be repaired

Seven a.m is when the station plays its sounds
Listening to the speaker while the patterns pin into place
Scissors separate the yellow from the white
Good morning, small-town listeners

Thimbles coat my fingers
Feed dogs are jamming up
The thread comes in tangles
I see such pretty things

FM comes in different colors, I believe
In the sewing machine I've lost myself
Memories inside my heart are there to grieve
Stations and a needle help me fix himself

Ah, his voice, it speaks to me through the radio
Pressing spotted fabric on an ironing board
Losing bobbins under tables, is it so?
Every day it feels like seams are more than torn

Making eyelid s under the starlight
Hand-sew everything with purely kindness
Liquid sound waves pour from my eyes
My heart pours out to you in desperation

Seven a.m is when the station plays its sounds
Listening to the speaker while the patterns sew into place
Out of misery, he'll return alive
His colors ought to show again-

Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white and blue and green and yellow and red; the radio only plays in

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Black and white and black and white and black and white and black and white and
Blue and green and yellow and red; these aren't the colors i should see

FM comes in different colors, i believe
In the sewing machine I've lost myself
Memories inside my heart are there to grieve
Stations and a needle help me fix himself

Ah, his voice, it speaks to me through the radio
Pressing spotted fabric on an ironing board
Losing bobbins under tables, is it so?
Every day it feels like seams are more than torn